

LOAN DESK

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 17.9.32

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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Notes of the Week

Mr. De Valera, having gained a lot of time and caused a great deal of irritation by his "Talks,"

Nonsense Notes has now fallen back on writing more Notes to Britain. His latest suggestion is that the annuities

should be transferred from the suspense account, in which they are kept at present, to the Bank for International Settlements, pending arbitration on the dispute between the Free State and Britain. All this is but another ruse to gain still more time, for the Note carries the matter no further, and for all practical purposes is not worth the paper it is written on. The International Bank has no more to do with the money than the Billingsgate Fish Market. The issue is whether the Free State has any right to retain it, and Mr. De Valera's demand for an unfettered choice of arbitrators as opposed to the British Government's insistence that they should be chosen from within the Empire should be contemptuously dismissed. What with Mr. J. H.

Thomas's "chats" and Mr. De Valera's "Notes" the British Government are being made to look silly and the British people are becoming more than a little angry. It is now suggested that there are to be more conversations, but the Government's case is unassailable and there must be no more bargaining.

**

Mr. Gandhi has been threatening to go on hunger strike, in spite of the dissuasion of the Prime Minister. What is it all about? We are conferring on India the questionable boon of a Government to be selected by counting heads. Some of these heads rest on the shoulders of "untouchables." There are millions of them. They may not draw water at the village well. They may not approach the village shrine. In Madras, there are definite distances—30 or 40 paces, and so on—within which the pariah must not approach the caste Hindu. Until quite recently, the high caste man did not trouble his head about him.

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But times have changed. It is no longer a question of whether one Rajput cannot handle

twenty men with an inferiority complex. There be votes to be reckoned, my masters! The more

Hindus, the bigger the majority. And whole tribes have found their lot intolerable. To Islam in the past, to Christianity in the present, there has been a pronounced drift. So, mostly with his tongue in his cheek, the caste Hindu (if politically minded) has begun to woo the outcast. The situation is Gilbertian. Gandhi loves the pariah so dearly that he will starve himself to death if the pariah is given the representation he asks for, namely, the reservation of certain seats in the new Provincial Parliaments! It is not that Gandhi is actuated by the contempt which most of his co-religionists feel. If he had his way, there would be no untouchables, for every Hindu would embrace, not only the washerman, the leather worker and all engaged in dirty trades, but even the wandering gypsy, the lowest of created things. Why, then, does he reject his claim to representation? he does not. It is *separate* representation that he abhors.

* *

To provide separate representation is to recognise that there is, in Indian society, a class below Hinduism. Gandhi asserts that

Soul and Body there is none. There may be Mussulmen and Christians, but all

others are Hindus. The claim can hardly be sustained. It is true that many, perhaps the majority, of the untouchables worship some or other of the vast Hindu pantheon. But this does not make them Hindus. Hinduism has no creed, and the cultus is too varied to serve as a test. The soul of Hinduism is a religious philosophy, and its body is caste, with all its thousand rules. The pariah stands absolutely apart from both. Gandhi's threat to fast upon the Government of India (to use the appropriate Anglo-Irish phrase) revives an extremely ancient method of spiritual coercion applicable to all sorts of claims and known in some of its applications as "sitting dharna." But it seems doubtful whether from an orthodox Hindu point of view it is not futile. The suicide of a Brahman is a very grave matter, but the suicide of a Hindu who, like Gandhi, belongs to a merely mercantile caste has infinitely less cursing efficacy. Gandhi's disciples may be of opinion that his popular reputation as a holy man will do as well as being really twice-born, but that opinion, if we mistake not, is erroneous. Gandhi, in fact, will fast with the object of impressing opinion not in India but in England. Whether he can or should be prevented from starving himself is a matter of merely civil policy.

Judged from this angle, Gandhi's declaration of a "fast until death" leaves us cold. Like every

Calculated Martyrdom act of this arch-maneuvrer, it is based on deliberate calculation and has nothing to do with "the call of

conscience" it invokes, credence in which on the part of simple English men and women forms precisely part of his calculation. What appears to us far more serious is the statement that Gandhi will be released from prison the moment he begins to fast. Fear of turning political enemies into martyrs is erroneous: like all compliance with blackmail, it increases the appetite of the blackmailer.

* *

Germany's demand for equality of armaments has been published. The French answer to it has

Questions and Answers been published. Signor Mussolini has published his views. Alone the British Government,

faithful to its consecrated uncertainty in foreign policy, stays mum and waits on events.

The *Saturday Review* learns on good authority that the Foreign Office let Germany know before her demand was made that in its judgment the moment chosen was inopportune. This it undoubtedly was from the point of view of Whitehall and of the White House, of which the former wants, for budgetary reasons, to see the Disarmament Conference achieve success, and the latter for electoral reasons. Whether the moment was equally inopportune from the German standpoint is more open to question. The meeting of the Bureau of the Conference on September 21st to plan the stages of work towards next spring's hoped-for triumph seemed to General von Schleicher to have dealt him a good hand at poker: he has yet to be proved wrong.

* *

"If you don't at once agree to our claim for equality," says Germany, "we shan't go on with the Conference." France answers:

The Showdown "We can't agree, in any case, at once. This is a matter for the

League of Nations." The play in the game thus begun consists in the degree of nerve possessed by the French Government. Will it be able to resist the pressure that will doubtless be exerted in private by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and President Hoover to agree in substance, if not in form, to the German demand? If it does so and sits tight till the moment comes to "call" Germany, it is not sure that on the showdown the latter may not be found to have been bluffing.

Whatever Germany's governors may say, they will think twice before withdrawing from Geneva, where they can exert much influence, and thus notifying to all and sundry that they will openly

go their own way: it suits them far better to maintain a show of concord with the rest of the world and secretly continue to improve their military strength with such added advantage as they can get from possible reductions in that of other people.

France, on the other hand, is anxious not to drive Germany out of the League of Nations, and it is a difficult calculation for M. Herriot and his advisers to make, how far they can go in the direction of risking a split. Their hand is made the harder to play by the desire they must feel not to push Italy further towards a Central Europe understanding. The Duce would indeed seem to have started definitely on this road, but the suppleness of Italian policy is proverbial. On juridical grounds the French position is unassailable. Treaties made by many Powers cannot be unmade by two of them, least of all when one of those two is unwilling.

**

Great Britain's only valid interest in the matter lies in attempting to dissipate the threat of war

within the next few years. We have said before that the best chance of this is to choose our

friends and to stand by them. From out of the dust of discussion and the conflict of minor interests emerges the plain fact that in Europe of to-day one Power alone has the desire, and can hope for the force, to grab anything. France has nothing that she could wish to grab and is, moreover, filled with a profound desire for peace. Italy, even should she wish, which is very doubtful, could never venture to move alone. Soviet Russia will not strike at a neighbour save as a gambler's last throw, when it might well prove too late. There remains Germany.

**

This fact has been, is, and will not cease to be, the crux of the international situation. Were it

A School Treat otherwise there would not be a moment's difficulty about according equality of rights and hardly more about reducing all Western European armaments by a substantial amount. But in view of Germany's avowed aspirations, these difficulties remain enormous. Anyone who thinks the contrary should remember the German school festival that took place at Berlin on September 11th, when under the benevolent eye of the German Minister of the Interior 15,000 children from all over Germany took part in a game symbolising the reunion with Germany of her former provinces, including Posnania, Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine.

Latest news: Hindenburg has signed a decree providing for the military training of the entire youth of Germany.

Gorgulov has taken the last view of this world by "sneezing into the widow's basket," as French Revolutionary slang had it. No

Shortened by a head one will shed a tear; indeed, average Frenchmen were becoming a little restive lest Gorgulov

should escape paying the penalty through some hocus-pocus of the law's delays, which in France have exceptional utility for malefactors. "Il aurait fallu le raccourcir d'abord et discuter ensuite," said one. Crowds spent all night in the streets to see President Doumer's murderer guillotined. But the only serious interest about the man lay in the doubt whether he was a semi-maniac or the tool of others to do political assassination.

Nothing in Gorgulov's earlier career suggests madness; much, after the murder, suggests a simulation of it. No evidence of complicity could be found, but neither could the people be found with whom Gorgulov passed his time in Paris when he came to shoot the President. It was alleged that a couple were with him at the fatal moment: they were never discovered. The mystery has gone with Gorgulov to the grave.

**

Is there an American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children? If so we presume that

A case for the A.S.P.C.C. they will take action at once against the individual who took two daughters of six and eight on a stunt flight in an aeroplane and only failed to kill them by the shadow of a chance. What effect a forced landing in Greenland may have on the future life of the unhappy girls we leave to the psychologist, to say nothing of the even more disastrous beating of drums and cymbals with which this imbecile exploit has been greeted in certain quarters.

If there is no American society of the kind it would be reasonable to open an enquiry into the sanity of the person concerned. At any rate, we hope that before he is shut up for the safety of himself and his family, he will be compelled to pay to the utmost halfpenny the risk and trouble which he caused to the fishermen who rescued him.

**

It is officially announced that in 1931 our agricultural production had decreased by £18,830,000 from the figure for

The Writing on the Wall 1930. The arable area had been reduced by 250,000 acres and touched the lowest figure ever recorded. Livestock and livestock products sold were valued at nearly £14,000,000 less, while fruit and vegetables had fallen nearly £4,000,000. These figures ought to startle those in authority if they took the vaguest interest in the future of an industry which is the heart of national great-

ness. Will our great National Government, with its Tory supporters, ask themselves for a moment what they have done with tariffs and at Ottawa to restore our life-blood?

* *

The humane killing of animals has been a problem for many years and an approximation to its

No more Pig-squealing solution has been reached for every animal except the pig. The pig is an unathletic animal which rarely exercises itself except to struggle to its feet for food. In consequence its muscles are slack and flabby and any attempt to stun it before cutting its throat merely leads to a rupture of capillaries, which "splashes" the flesh and makes it unsaleable. That is the reason why we have to suffer from two minutes of agonising squealing, which seems to the sensitive to last ten minutes.

Professor Hobday, the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, has just returned from a visit to Germany in which he has been studying more fully an electric system of making a pig or any other animal unconscious before its throat is cut. He has already introduced this system into England. An instrument resembling shears with two electric buttons is applied to the animal's temples for a few seconds and at once it loses consciousness. Unconsciousness lasts for two minutes and before that time has elapsed its throat has been cut and all is over.

* *

"Texas or Maine?" used to be asked by American tailors of customers ordering a hip pocket in their pants. Which,

Oh, Boy! being interpreted, meant: "Is it to hold a revolver or a whiskey flask?" For Maine was the first American State to go dry, and "bone dry" it has been for over half a century, so that pocket flasks were thought a necessity of life. Also, Maine has from time out of mind been an ironclad, copper-bottomed Republican State: not for eighteen years has she so much as faltered in the path of virtue. Now Maine has gone Democrat and wet, and all good Americans know that "As Maine goes in September, so goes the United States in November." Bordeaux and Scotland echo the hope that the saying will prove true once more.

* *

Mrs. Muriel Pawley and Mr. C. Corkran, the British subjects carried off last week by Chinese bandits from a racecourse in Man-

Bandits churia, are still in their captors' hands. Nothing could exemplify more distressingly than this incident the dangerous absurdity of the fiction that the so-called Government of China is a real and serious entity to be treated on terms

similar to those obtaining between civilised States. This is an absurdity tolerated far too long, and the dangers of it are now patent. Yet on the theory of this fiction hangs the Chinese claim, seriously taken by many worthy persons, to Manchuria. The sooner that the Japanese can put into effect their schemes for pacifying that country, the better will be the prospect for the security of British lives and for the development of British trade there.

Not only in the Far East does dust appear to have settled on the once bright boast, "*Civis Romanus sum*," as applied to British birthright. Within a few months, we learn, no less than eleven British subjects have been murdered by bandits in Nicaragua, and the representations made by the British Government to that of this Central American republic go unanswered. Nicaragua, no less than China, is a member of the League of Nations, and must doubtless be considered as civilised as the Far Eastern chaos.

* *

Could anything be more exasperating than to die immediately after going through the pain and expense of having a set of false **Dental Symbolism** teeth fitted? Surely such a tragedy defies philosophic explanation. Yet we are assured by the un-joking Reuter that Gandhi's announcement that he would fast to death coincided with the final touches to a set of false teeth.

It is hard to see how false teeth can minister to a fast that ends in death. Perhaps, however, they may have a ceremonial value. They recall a story told by an American journalist detailed to interview the President of a negro Republic. At the moment of their meeting he was struck by the impressive row of completely gold teeth disclosed by the Presidential smile. He was an agreeable fellow and the President, after a few minutes, discovered that his visitor was neither so important nor so solemn as he expected. The President turned aside and opened a drawer. "Excuse me," he said, "I think I shall take out my official teeth. I shall be more comfortable and I'm sure you won't mind." A minute later he turned back. The glittering gold teeth had vanished and their place had been taken by a row of simili-ivories such as the humblest of us may wear.

* *

An American scheme for diminishing unemployment has just been announced with the usual beat-

ing of the big drum. This latest **Share Your Job** dodge is to employ more workers for fewer hours and less pay. Mr. William C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, is claimant for the honour of inventing it. Distressing though it would be to Mr. Teagle's pride, did he but know it, his plan is by no means new. It has, in fact, long ex-

perience behind it, for this is the selfsame method as that by which the French nation has with such comparative success battled with the problem of unemployment arising from the world's economic depression.

Contrary to the practice of our own and of American trade unions, the French "syndicats de travail" have no objection to the reduction of working hours per man in order to keep a greater number of men in work. There can hardly be an important firm throughout France that has not acted in this way. Staffs have had to be reduced, and unemployment figures have crept up, but nowhere near the point reached and almost constant in England. The ease with which this system has been practised in France is undoubtedly due to the theory on which the French nation habitually and naturally acts, that it is better to have a large number of people employed at small wages or salaries than a few highly paid. The superabundance of low-paid people in France, which often strikes English travellers oddly, is thus seen to have more merit than would have been believed among us a few years ago.

* *

The closing down of many Scottish whisky distilleries draws attention to the excessive duties imposed on spirits. A duty which represents nearly three times the value of the article on which it is levied is never a commercial proposition.

Whisky and Age

Whisky and age represents nearly three times the value of the article on which it is levied is never a commercial proposition. The revenue suffers from a decrease of consumption and the consumer loses through a degradation of quality. Surely the moment has come when the Exchequer could do a good turn both to whisky producers and whisky consumers who have not yet been deprived of their civic rights by the half-wits of Prohibition ?

If a spirit is to be wholesome, it must be well matured and age is one of its most valuable qualities. Would it not be possible to allow a rebate on whisky for every year of its maturity, so that producers and merchants may be encouraged to face the heavy expense of keeping the spirit until age has rid it of its crudity and unwholesome components ?

* *

Already county magistrates are hot foot after the peccant motorist, driving dangerously, as the

The Second Charge

Home Secretary lately hinted. But Benches generally need not despair of Old Bailey juries doing justice as one Surrey Bench has done. Petty jurors dislike convicting for manslaughter out and out save on clear proof of negligence. But a second charge, that of causing actual bodily harm, should as a rule of procedure be inserted in the indictment.

Jurors, ready to doubt justice in a five years' sentence of penal servitude for the main issue, will

repeatedly convict at once on the second, the penalty for which is up to two years' hard labour. There used to be an epidemic of joy-riding by the adventurous in other persons' cars. Jurors refused to find guilty for theft, as the car was always returned. Ingenious lawyers then added a second charge, of stealing petrol. That caught them.

In law indeed it is not petty sessions that decides on a trial : its function is to examine the "prima facie" case for the grand jury to decide on later. Only that body can put the accused on trial, on charges it approves of. Hosts of J.P.'s and their clerks do not appreciate this, even where they enjoy the gratuitous assistance of a Chancery lawyer on the bench seeking virgin fields of law to conquer !

* *

Incidentally, the annual report lately issued of the Prison Commissioners slurs over one rather astounding act of the New Despotism. For our growing "droit administratif" apparently authorises this body to arrange its prison system so as to prevent a convict sent for penal servitude from serving in an appropriate penitentiary unless he is "in" for over 30 months ! Those sentenced to shorter and carefully adjusted terms, ordered by experienced judges and upheld on appeal by other judges, mix with second division prisoners. Similarly Borstal boys are let out on leave after a year or so regardless of merit. Some M.P. surely might take up this aspect on its constitutional side.

Scott—Great Scot !

The Centenary of Scott
Has certainly not
Been overlooked by those who write.
Every morning and every night
We have waded through yards of prose,
Written by those
To whom a Centenary,
A big wedding, or even the description of
scenery
Is merely part of the day's work
Which they dare not shirk,
Because (whatever their sex)
They all need cheques.
That's why they have been so keen to let us
know
That Scott died exactly a hundred years ago,
On the 21st of September,
A date which we shall assuredly remember.
But how many, I wonder, of these solemn
Compilers of half a column
On "Scotland's most distinguished son"
(That's a favourite one !)
Will celebrate the day
In a really *novel* way
By taking down a volume of Scott from their
shelves
And enjoying themselves ?

W. HODGSON BURNET.

Red Letter Days

By Post and Postscript. By Guy C. Pollock

I LEFT in a dreadful doubt and anxiety the grave question of Judy, the spaniel, partridges and red letters. And I am bound to confess that, if the letters are tolerably pink, that is as much as one may claim.

To begin with, the partridges were, in and by themselves, a grave disappointment. On two of the farms there were quite a lot of them—a fortunate affair in a county which has a bad season. On two others they scarcely existed. But an extenuating circumstance might be found in two fields, of barley and oats, which were still uncut—and so may remain, it might seem, until they are not worth cutting. Not that I believe overmuch, myself, in the partridges, hares and pheasants reputed to be assembled together in considerable numbers in these two fields.

Of wild pheasants we saw encouraging numbers, and even the smallest of the later broods—those immature birds which may deceive even the elect when they get up among, before and after partridges—may be expected to survive. Anyhow, we took no heavy toll of them, though three enormous hens, long tails and all, were shot at industriously, but, fortunately, quite in vain.

As for the partridges, such as they were, they turned out on September 3 to be as wild as they should be by the end of October—before they begin to grow once more occasionally tame. Coveys of young and not too well-grown birds were remarkably "strong on the wing"—if that historic phrase of journalism translates a readiness to fly from one end of a stubble and pass clean over the adjacent roots directly a gun sets his foot down at the opposite end.

Judy Starts Badly

So we come to Judy. I did, on the afternoon of the First, shoot a partridge out of the first covey we saw, and it fell, apparently dead, in a hedge on my right. So Judy was released. She went to the hedge, she found the bird, there was a slight flutter, and Judy came back—with a few feathers round her mouth! On being requested, she went back to the bird several times, but always came empty away. So the old dog was sent and retrieved the partridge perfectly to her master. Then we threw the bird for Judy, and she would have none of it. So we threw the bird and asked Sheila to fetch it. The black female looked a little astonished at these odd antics, but went a little disdainful, and brought the bird back. So we threw it again, and this time Judy did gather it. Not too utterly good.

The next morning she was sent for a bird which I thought I had dropped for ever in a field of mangolds. Away she went, worked a runner quite well for twenty yards down a drill, got it and brought it back to me, with not a feather displaced. And my spirits rose, and we, her own keeper and I, were terribly pleased. And she was petted, as she loves to be petted.

Then came Saturday and the moment when Judy, who had already run in and been admonished, was sent to pick up a bird lying openly dead on a stubble in front of me. At first she couldn't find it. When she did she took it in her mouth, came back, and halted two yards from me. There and then she was seized with a mulish obstinacy, and refused to surrender it. Then the keeper and I made our mistake. We tried to take it from her, and, with a gleam in her eye, in went her teeth. Then and there I had visions of a hard-mouthed, half-ruined spaniel who would have to be kept only for hedgerow-hunting and such lesser purposes. And she was not released again, that day.

Judy Retrieves Herself

On Monday we shot very few partridges. But Judy brought my first without any mistake. She could make nothing of the next. No more, however, could the two older dogs, who tried to cover up their own deficiencies by looking sternly at me and saying, "You never hit that bird at all. And then you have us sent on a wild-goose chase because you are too vain and petty to admit your own incompetence."

Thus I left matters, and came a long car trek to Scotland—my hopes and fears for Judy dividing my anxious mind. But I have to-day had news. My friend writes to me thus—"M. and I took R. and Judy on the far end for an hour and a half yesterday morning, and she performed like an old experienced dog. We found a covey and got three partridges, and Judy picked them up and carried to hand very well, indeed. She is learning fast, and R. was delighted with her."

If anything were needed to console a man for a certain paucity of grouse—which indeed may be an annoyance to one's host but can detract scarcely anything from the pleasures of being in Scotland and seeing grouse and taking trout from a peaty, rock-strewn burn and watching the sun chase the shadows across the still purple heather on the near and distant hills and walking hard miles of rough going and being soaked and being dried again by the incalculable sun and feeling fit—let me say that if anything were needed to fill a man's cup it would be that letter.

As for the other letters, they are surely pink already. So why not vermillion by October?

Trade Unions at the Cross Roads

By the Saturday Reviewer

THE annual Trades Union Congress has just ended and the general public is a little bewildered about what it has all meant. A too widely accepted conclusion is that it has meant nothing at all, but that is an erroneous and a dangerous view. Actually the Newcastle Congress has determined on two lines of Trade Union policy to be followed during the next twelve months; one is industrial the other political.

On the industrial side the trade unions will concentrate wholly on the question of unemployment. They are not sure about the fundamental causes of the present situation but the one thing they are sure about is their bitter opposition to the methods of the present government, which they regard as being no more than a series of devices designed to make the unemployed themselves carry the main burden. It is necessary to bear that clearly in mind if the attitude of the trade unions is to be understood.

One governing conclusion that the trade unions have arrived at is that the development of industry itself in the direction of labour-saving machinery, better technique in management, rationalisation and so on, all conspire to contract the area of employment. This is what the Americans call technological unemployment, and to put it quite briefly the remedy for which the Unions are going to fight is that of shorter working hours for the same wages.

State Credits

Wage maintenance is definite; there will be a fight against anything that may be regarded as a mere re-distribution of the present total of wages over a larger number of workers. There was one spokesman at Newcastle who branched out on rather a new line, and that was Mr. Bromley, the president of the Congress, and the leader of one of the railway Unions. He, in a brief paragraph of his speech, attempted to face the question of how industry, which cannot even now pay its way, would be able to provide for additional wage charges, and he made the somewhat cryptic suggestion that the additional wages might "issue to the re-employed wage earners on the credit of the State."

That reference indicates another consideration which is beginning to weigh on the minds of trade unionists. It is the contention that the present economic crisis, falling price levels, contraction of industry, and the technical over-production that exists indicate a shortage of purchasing power on the part of consumers. The idea is that the gap between producing and consuming capacity can only be bridged by a wider distribution of spending power, and Mr. Bromley's scheme appears to be that of administering a dose of inflation by paying wages to re-employed work people on the credit of the State. His argument, if one understands him aright, is that a policy of this kind would turn the tide of economic forces, would tend to raise price

levels, and would enable consumption to catch up with production.

On the evidence of these disclosures of the trade union mind, it can be said with some confidence that the policy of the movement during the coming year will be to resist wage cuts with greater vigour and to insist on a reduction of working hours with equally great vigour. And this policy is hardly likely to be whittled down by any considerations such as those advanced by Mr. Bevin, who was courageous enough to reprove trade unions for allowing their members to work systematic overtime and thus to some extent reduce the number of available jobs.

Fiscal Differences

Equally interesting and important is the political and economic policy to which the trade unions were committed, and which may force them into direct conflict with the Labour Party. This depended wholly on the fiscal policy report made to the delegates by the General Council, and the key to the situation lies in the fact that this report signalises a definite cutting adrift from the free trade doctrines which the Labour movement inherited from Liberalism. The report insisted that the Trade Unions had never in practice embraced the old *laissez faire* theory and emphasised that they could not embrace it because their whole practice and philosophy was protectionist—a point of view re-inforced by the Socialist conviction that in the ideal Socialist world trade must be regulated, controlled, planned and directed towards the definite end of social benefit.

But does this mean that Trade Unions have become tariffist? That cannot be so confidently stated. Neither the General Council nor the two industrial advisors (Mr. Bromley and Mr. Citrine) who went to Ottawa would or, indeed, could say what line they, or the Trade Union movement as a whole, would take on the Ottawa agreement.

The Trade Union movement, therefore, finds itself in the somewhat peculiar position of not having expressed an opinion on the extension of our tariff system, especially in relation to food, while the Labour Party has already indicated its intention of fighting the Ottawa agreement in the House of Commons at every stage. The probability is that the Labour Party will enter upon a raging, tearing campaign against tariffs and that the trade unions, who supply the bulk of the Labour Party's money, will find themselves hard put to it—both from lack of desire and by a definitely accepted programme—to march in step with the political party which they sustain.

That, then, is the position of the trade union movement as it faces another, and very critical, year. Its industrial policy, whatever may be said about it, is at all events clear. Its political policy is as misty and as uncertain as the weather of the autumn days during which it was hatched.

The Boon of Foreign Investment

By Our City Editor

IT is almost incredible that anyone possessing even a superficial acquaintance with the world's economic history should question the immense benefits that have resulted from the advance of capital by the wealthier and more progressive nations to the poorer and more backward. Yet, in your last issue, Mr. P. C. Loftus has the hardihood to assert that foreign investment has been and is a main cause of unemployment.

Moreover, your contributor makes this assertion, not by way of criticism against particular kinds of lending, not in order to draw attention to the necessity of adjusting the economic system to the conditions of international lending and borrowing, but as an absolute proposition.

One of the real curses under which the world is labouring to-day is an extreme, ignorant and pernicious form of economic nationalism. One manifestation of this spirit is the desire to restrict the movement of capital. It is frequently argued, for instance, by the more ignorant Indian nationalists, that the investment of British capital in India is a cause of Indian poverty, since it enables the British capitalist to draw profit, described as "tribute," from the Indian people. Many of our own Labour Party are preaching the doctrine that by reserving British capital for home consumption we could cure unemployment. It is time to expose the fallacies of such argument when they are seriously defended by one of our own publicists.

The Standpoint of World Progress

That a transfer of capital from the countries where it was plentiful to those where it was scarce has been justified in the past, apart altogether from mere profit and loss accounts on particular transactions, from the broader standpoint of world progress is surely uncontested. Had the merchants of London not obtained permission from Elizabeth to adventure their capital in the trade with the Indies there would have been no British India. Had British capital not been used to build the railways of the United States, Canada and South America, the rate of economic and social development in the world generally would have been profoundly retarded. Surely even Mr. Loftus would hardly deny this. International investment, as an agent of progress, has conferred an altogether incalculable boon upon mankind.

Let us, however, examine Mr. Loftus's own reasons for regarding foreign investment as a curse. The first is that it is attended by excessive risk. Of £6,000 million which he estimates to have been invested by us abroad in the sixty years before the War, £2,000 million was lost. "Two thousand million of national wealth was exported and lost for ever." Hence, we are asked to infer, the whole transaction must have been unprofitable.

It may be declared, unequivocally, that the conclusion is fantastic. All capital investment is

inseparable from risk taking. The proportion of loss on internal industrial investment is often far greater than a third. But, on the average, it is covered by the return. Mr. Loftus makes no allowance for the interest earned on this £2,000 million before it was lost. He makes no allowance for the considerable difference between the nominal value of £2,000 million that was lost and the real value, diminished by commissions and flotation expenses, that was actually invested. In a word he makes no attempt to estimate the economic justifications for the investment of the £6,000 million as a whole. Instead, he adopts the unwarrantable procedure of judging the expediency of foreign investment by an isolated consideration of the losses apart from the gains.

The Question of "Tribute"

His next argument is even more glaringly fallacious. He actually declares that the effect of foreign capital investment "is and must be to damage the export trade of the creditor nation." Why? Because it imposes upon the borrowing country the obligation to repay us by sending goods for which we give nothing in return. Such repayment Mr. Loftus regards as "tribute," an exaction, or non-economic payment. If, he argues, debtor countries had not to pay interest on their borrowed capital in the form of the goods they send us, we should have to send them goods in return. Our exports would be swollen. Our employment would be increased.

Mr. Loftus's contention is merely a variant of the old socialist tag, "production is damnation and destruction is salvation." A good hail storm that smashes all the windows is a boon to the glaziers. So, to cancel the capital obligation of debtor countries to pay interest on their debt would be to make employment for our exporting industries.

Mr. Loftus is an economic heretic. It is fair to remember that heresies are seldom without their element of truth. They are heresies because they emphasise one aspect of truth without balance, and without regard for all the other aspects. At the end of his article he connects foreign capital lending with the world crisis and with complete justification. Everyone now recognises that in the excessive and unwise capital lending in the years before the crisis of 1929, followed by a sudden reversal of the capital flow, accompanied by conditions that rendered repayment almost impossible, is to be found the chief cause of the crisis and the subsequent depression.

Is it justifiable to conclude that foreign lending is, therefore, a curse? A thousand times no. Without fresh supplies of foreign capital many countries will find it virtually impossible to make an effective recovery. The great financial task now before the League of Nations is to formulate the conditions upon which such capital lending may prudently take place.

Might-Have-Been Affairs

The British Dictatorship—I. By C. E. Bechhofer Roberts

THE history of the dictatorship in England really begins with the return of Mr. Baldwin to home politics after his shipwreck (already chronicled in these pages) on the way to the Ottawa Conference in 1932. It appears that Mr. Baldwin was not drowned after all but, with his noted instinct for self-preservation, managed to keep afloat by clinging to an up-turned boat and was at last washed ashore on the American coast. There his statements about his identity were derided by the local authorities who, on his persistent refusal to engage in constructive work, consigned him to jail. He remained a prisoner for four and a half years and, once he realised that his protests would not be forwarded, behaved with invariable good-humour and never gave his guards a moment of anxiety.

The jail-break which eventually released him was organised against his advice and carried out without his complicity. However, finding himself at liberty, he "hitch-hiked" his way to New York and, smilingly introducing himself to the British consular authorities, returned to England. The usual tumultuous welcome awaited him at Paddington Station, though for once it could be claimed that the enthusiasm was not a sign of the nation's relief that, a delegate having returned home, he could do no more harm abroad, but was a real testimony to Mr. Baldwin's popularity.

His Old Self

His return precipitated a crisis in the Conservative Party. I have related how Mr. Waterloo succeeded Mr. Baldwin on the false news of his death, as its leader; Mr. Waterloo, having spent several years urging loyalty upon his followers, now demonstrated his possession of this quality by retiring with a peerage to the Upper House and thus permitting Mr. Baldwin to resume his position. The latter at once showed that he was his old self by persuading the Premier, Mr. MacDonald, to resign and go to the country on an unpopular issue. Though invariably in the past Mr. Baldwin's tenure of high office had been followed by the return of a Socialist administration to power, in the present case this did not happen.

Mr. MacDonald was defeated in the election at Seaham and Sir Herbert Samuel went to the bottom of the poll at Darwen, whereas Mr. Baldwin was returned as usual for Bewdley. Thus the new Parliament found Mr. Baldwin the principal figure at Westminster and at the head of a large Conservative majority. It is in such critical circumstances that Mr. Baldwin displays the finest qualities in his nature. Rather, he said in his first speech as Prime Minister, than embarrass the country with so one-sided an administration, he would immediately resign and advise the holding of fresh elections, at which, he hoped, a more representative House of Commons would be

returned. He was as good as his word; Parliament met only long enough to carry through one or two Bills which had been sponsored by Liberal members of the previous Cabinet, and to promise the Indian Congress group a further extension of the franchise, permitting them, for example, to cast votes at English as well as Indian elections, and then went to the country again.

"Historic Speech"

By some inexplicable freak of circumstance, an overwhelming Conservative majority was again returned, while, despite Mr. Baldwin's personal appeals and door-to-door canvassing on their behalf, neither Mr. MacDonald nor Sir Herbert Samuel secured election. In a historic speech in the debate on the Address, Mr. Baldwin declared that Parliamentary government in England had now been proved impracticable, and announced his decision to press for the appointment of a dictator to govern the country. A few isolated voices were raised against this proposal: the usual malcontents among the Conservatives argued that their Party had been given a mandate to rule the country and ought to exercise it; while certain Liberals and Socialists raised the cry that democracy was in danger. Mr. Baldwin routed the Tory objectors by an appeal to their loyalty, and compromised with the others by undertaking that the dictator should be elected by popular vote and that his appointment should be revocable at any moment in the same manner. Mr. Baldwin then called upon all sections of the electorate to put forward candidates for the dictatorship.

An obvious choice was, of course, Mr. Baldwin himself, but he immediately announced, at a Conservative Party conference, that he would not allow his name to go forward. This was not the moment, he said, for any display of personal ambition; he proposed to offer his own and his Party's loyal support to whichever candidate might be successful. Once again the little band of malcontents inside the Party raised their heads. They suggested that Mr. Baldwin should give concrete evidence of his disinterestedness by resigning the Conservative leadership and thus permitting the Party to put forward an energetic candidate.

Mr. Baldwin, rising amid sympathetic cheers and speaking with deep emotion, at once replied that he was far too loyal to the Conservative cause to countenance any such disruptive policy. "What does it matter," he asked, with characteristic imagery, "who makes the runs, so long as I am batting? And, in the field, I shall always be proud to occupy the modest position of long-stop." The resolution was instantly withdrawn.

Meanwhile the country abandoned itself to an orgy of candidate-choosing, some details of which I shall give next week.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

Your Watch—Fast or Right?

FAST, BY CLIVE WILSON.

SHOW me the man who is prepared to put his hand on his heart and declare that he has never consciously deceived himself, and I will show you the man who keeps his watch just right. I will show you also the man whose hand feels his heart jumping about like an ill-trained dog while he declares to you, with just a hint of worry in his eye, that he doesn't know what blood pressure is, and that people who follow the "disease fashion" (he is bound to mention appendicitis and pyorrhœa) are just morbid fools.

He will be able to tell you the exact time—if his watch is a good one. He will be able to tell you just how his bank balance stands, the date of his wife's birthday, the precise ages of his children, the surrender value of his insurance policies, how many seconds late the eight-forty has been on any one of the last ten mornings. But he won't tell you how many times he has missed it—and he probably won't be able even to attempt to tell you to-morrow because the chances are that he will have dropped dead from heart failure owing to the fact that he had to run to try to catch it. And all because he did not allow himself a little margin.

I can imagine that the chief argument of a man who stands for a watch being just right will be based on the assumption that a conscious attempt at self-deception is both evil and cowardly. If so, I am prepared to contend that all the evidence goes to prove that self-deception is not only a good thing and a brave thing, but an entirely essential thing.

It is supposed to be a virtuous thing to arrive in time, but supposing the other fellow (he who has kept his watch fast) gets there a few seconds earlier? He may have deceived himself, but, if so, all the better for him and all the worse for you.

The man who takes precautions is not necessarily a poltroon. The man who does not take them is most inevitably a nit-wit. The wise publican keeps his clock five minutes fast. He knows he is deceiving himself and his clients—but he gets his bars cleared in time. The wise publicist keeps his watch five minutes fast, and so gives the cause he champions a flying start.

I know that watches go wrong, and that in that sense we are all at the mercy of circumstances. But, supposing the watches do go wrong, would you not rather be the owner of the one that was fast rather than the owner of the one that was just right? You would still have the greater margin of safety and still the greater chance of "getting there" first.

So, as the guiding principle of modern life seems to be a combination of caution and cunning, I most assuredly favour the fast watch as against the right one. It may waste a little of your time, but it will give you lots of chances.

RIGHT, BY JIM HEMYNGE.

WHAT is the proportion of the wise to the foolish? Almost exactly that of those who prefer to take the right time from their watches to those who choose that their watches should mislead them. The preponderance of the fools is proved by such stupendous absurdities as summer time when whole nations try to persuade themselves that the sun passes their meridian an hour before noon in order that they may enjoy the best part of the day. The humblest animal succeeds in making the best of every season with the sun as clock.

Anyone who arranges his life properly wants to know the right time. Such a man is not over-powered with blushes at the sight of naked Truth; and he has no desire to make the young lady fast by playing tricks with his watch. He hitches his waggon to the Sun and keeps his appointments as that luminary ordains. Taking time seriously is the essence of Relativity. Space and time are now on level terms and it would be an odd creature who starting out on a journey of thirty miles tried to kid himself into believing that it was two miles either more or less.

Once upon a time French railway stations used to keep their outside clocks five minutes fast and no one in that logical country could tell why. Those who knew the game went about their affairs just as if the clocks were right. Foreigners who did not know passed through agonies of anxiety which proved unnecessary when the inside clock appeared. The idiocy of this arrangement forced itself on every Frenchman and to-day the outside clocks of French stations indicate the right hour as nearly as they can.

Living by an imaginary time must be as unwholesome as the day dreams that keep a man imagining what he will do with his sweepstakes winnings instead of doing his work. In the great Paris floods of 1910 all the public and café clocks worked on a central pneumatic system stopped dead at 11.50 and remained at that hour for nearly a week. The suggestion that time had halted became an obsession and added not a little to the demoralisation which crept over the city as the water rose remorselessly and gradually paralysed its life. Time is in this life a reality from which humanity cannot afford to cut itself adrift.

Are people who try to persuade themselves that they have less time to waste than truth justifies more punctual than others? One suspects that the contrary is true.

The wise man has a difficulty. It is not so easy to find a watch which keeps time correctly. The best of time-keepers has a way of going mad after long journeys and in new surroundings. Here, however, the B.B.C. has been of real utility. The cracked boom of Big Ben is audible half the world over and failing that the Greenwich "pips" are at the disposal of the owner of a wireless set.

The Thrills of Waiting

By Bernard Darwin

NOW and again one meets people who boast that they never read a newspaper and have no notion what is going on in the world. I have one stock question which I always set them and it nearly always proves them to be imposters. "What do you know," I ask them, "of Hobbs?" and they reply rather shame-facedly, "Oh—well, yes. Hobbs, of course. He plays cricket, doesn't he?"

The other day, however, for the first time I met a lady who utterly disclaimed any knowledge of Hobbs. Her honesty is beyond dispute and so I must assume that she has never heard of Sutcliffe nor of Tate, who comes from her own county of Sussex; that the whole splendid and sonorous roll of the seventeen names means nothing to her and she would hear of their starting next week on their Australian adventure with an unquickened pulse.

Pleasurable Excitement

I can only emend Miss Fanny Squeers and add "P.S.—I pity her ignorance and despise her." Pity is the predominating sentiment, for how much pleasurable excitement is she going to miss this winter. I really think that Test Matches in Australia give a more exquisite thrill than do Test Matches at home. They have, to all intents and purposes, no rival, though I do not wish to disparage the charms of the football edition on Saturday evening that tells us about the Wednesday and the Albion. They make inexpressibly brighter the drab business of going to work in the morning. The season ticket holder begins to be excited as soon as he sets foot on his suburban platform. The friendly gentleman at the book-stall has generally got a little news and whispers in his ear "100 for none." "Ha, ha! Hobbs and Sutcliffe again," says the season ticket holder (alas! it will be Sutcliffe and somebody else this time), simmers all the way up and curses every stop. When he reaches the terminus and dashes out into the street the news-boys are ready for him with the whole story and the first hour or so of work is wrapped in a "rosy and golden haze."

Prolonged Agony

In the country the agony of waiting is prolonged and so the ultimate thrill is perhaps even greater. I have vivid recollections of one January in Wales: the year I do not know, though Wisden would tell me. We would be sitting down comfortably to bridge after dinner, in our house high up on the hill, with the wind roaring and the rain beating on the windows. Then somebody would exclaim "By Jove! What about the Test Match? Who's going down to get an evening paper?"

It always reminded me of the scene of Tom Brown's first Sunday morning at Rugby, when the prepostor said "Whose turn for hot water?" And two small fags had to tuck their night-gowns into their trousers and set out with cans down cold passages and across the School-house court. We were not schoolboys, but more or less middle-aged

gentlemen; yet somebody always meekly owned that it was his turn, put on a macintosh and plunged down into the dark night to pant up the hill again with the news. It was, as I remember, glorious news, and even now whenever I toil, more sedately, up that rocky road I think of the names of Barnes and Fielder.

"I intended an ode, but it turned to a sonnet"; that is to say, I was asked to write an article about the prospects of this team of ours and have been led away down by-paths. Not that I ever did really intend to write it, because I have of late watched far too little cricket to have any opinion. Please observe that this does not prevent my having an opinion (in my heart of hearts I may even deem it a valuable one), but it does make me just humble enough to keep it more or less to myself. The thousands of us who read cricket passionately in the newspapers all think, of course, that we could choose the side, and this year we are nearly all pleased with the Selectors because they happen to have chosen much the same side as we should have.

If we come from Yorkshire and suffer from something of a "complex" about southern favouritism, we shall be delighted with the inclusion of Bowes. Generally speaking, we are satisfied. So, if things go wrong, we shall not be able to say "I told you so."

The question is not whether this is our best team, but whether it will be good enough. Our view is briefly, I suppose, that if we can ever get Bradman out, and if we are not frightened of Grimmett, then it ought to be good enough. But what a lot of runs either side will have to make before it can beat the other! Mr. Bobby Jones, who does not like eighteen-hole matches, once said of our Amateur Championship that nobody could win it but that somebody had got to. That is something like our view of these Test Matches; neither side can ever get the other out, but one side will. At any rate, the more runs they make the more tremendous mornings of evening papers there will be.

Where the Blame Lies (if any)

It is a great pity flying was ever invented.
—Viscount Cecil.

Observer.

It's a pity that Viscount Cecil should say Such a thing when Flying has come to stay. For if—according to Viscount Cecil—

An aeroplane is a godless vessel,
Then the fowls of the air, both wild and tame,
Of this wicked invention must share the blame.
Man wouldn't have tried to conquer the Air
But for the birds which he envied there.
He said to himself when he saw them flying
"I'd like to do that; there's no harm in trying!"
If he hadn't noticed that birds had wings
He'd probably never have thought of such things.
So one might as well say in so many words
"It's a pity that God invented birds!"

W. H. B.

The Street Corner Attitude to Sex

By the Rev. Michael Gedge, Charterhouse Missioner

[Below appears the second of a series of articles written by clergymen who are dealing with questions that daily arise in their parishes and demand an answer. The Saturday Review is publishing these articles because it believes that a comparison of the difficulties faced in various parishes and the means employed to deal with them will be of value to all engaged in parochial work. The first article of the series ("Parsons and Parson-Baiting") appeared in the Saturday Review dated September 10th.]

ONE should beware, of course, of basing generalities on particular experiences; and yet it is often surprising to find definite evidences of a group mind among the working classes of a given area: men who have never met each other and who profess total independence of view will sum up their attitude to questions in literally identical phrases which do not appear to have been gathered even from the newspapers. One's observations, therefore, of the street corner attitude to sex, though they are based on conversations with groups of street-corner lounging young men—roughly between the ages of 17 and 30—in one limited working class district, *may—I will not say do—represent a more universal attitude than can be proved.*

One may very roughly divide young men of the working classes into two groups: those who wear a collar and tie in the evenings, and those who wear neither. It is entirely with the latter class that we are concerned at present, because it is chiefly this class who spend much of their evenings at the street corner, and they are generally quite different from those who are in touch with some definite social or religious organisation. The attitude of a group of such young men to the problem of sex can quite simply be described as that of a healthy animal: sex is a natural function, to be used as "nature" decrees without the restrictions of any dogmatic authority. The Christian standard of sexual purity, if it ever was recognised, is now definitely disregarded.

A Curious Tendency

In estimating the facts one has further to beware of the, at first sight, curious psychological tendency of certain young people to make themselves out more "wicked" than they really are, especially before the Clergy. Allowing, however, for this, one may say first of all that it is assumed that self-abuse is a natural and practically inevitable sexual outlet from about the age of 14 onwards, and that this is not considered (in theory) to be wrong, provided that it is not practised to such an extent as to be injurious to health.

Secondly, with regard to sexual intercourse between young men and women, it is assumed to be likely, and on the whole quite natural that, given opportunity under exciting conditions in secluded places, a young man and woman over the age of 18 or 19 will have sexual intercourse together if they are on friendly terms, and, if they in any case hope to be married, almost as a matter of course. One notices on the one hand that though

this practice is defended as "natural" by many, yet there is a good deal of uneasy "conscience" about it among some; and on the other hand there are a good many young men who express regret that opportunity has never come their way, and who say quite openly that when it comes they will take it.

Further, the general statement is that "it" is quite as much the girl's fault as the man's, and that she is very often the inviting party. If a girl is going to have a baby, she is considered unlucky; the man is a "fool," or also unlucky; and to marry her is the "decent" thing to do—her parents will probably insist on this.

God only knows how many unhappy marriages are thereby made; certainly a Vicar has told me that in three years of ministry in his district he can scarcely remember to have taken a marriage in which the parties have not "had" to marry.

What are some of the causes of this situation? Among many hidden, two stand out as obvious: first of all the complete breakdown of authority in the sphere of religion and morals. The Roman Church alone stands out as a tower of strength; Anglican priests may and do still lay down as definite a standard, but somehow—perhaps because they are so much questioned and criticised by the laity in other matters, perhaps because on them falls the care of those who really have no religion at all—they do not seem to carry so much moral weight as the Romans. There seems to be no half-way house, no third course between the acceptance of absolute Christian standards on the one hand, and floundering in the chaos of conflicting opinions—medical or otherwise—as to what is right or permissible or "natural" on the other.

Unable to Marry

Secondly, the economic situation is such nowadays that young people, with modern standards of comfort and decency, simply cannot or dare not afford to marry unless, in the vulgar phrase, they have to. Faced with the dilemma that marriage is probably the vocation of the normal healthy young person, and that he or she is unable to fulfil that vocation, can one be surprised at, or condemn those who, without that guidance of Christian standards and helps, adopt a practical moderated immorality?

And what are the remedies? Many will suggest themselves to the Christian, some to the non-Christian person. One may perhaps call attention to a few, not without their own difficulties. First of all, I think, we must be realistic enough to re-

cognise the existence of a sharp cleavage between those who either recognise or attempt in some measure to accept and live up to Christian standards, and those who do not; for the latter class we may grieve, but it is not our business, nor do I see how we can be able to prescribe remedies; the "world" must make its own standards, and keep to them as best it may.

None the less there are two general remedies which might be supported by all men of goodwill who are not satisfied with the present situation.

(1) There can be definite sex instruction given on scientific lines to children before they reach the age of 18. It is a fact that 99 per cent. of the parents of those whom one questions on the subject will not and have not done their duty, and there is no means of ensuring that they will; the Clergy only touch a very small proportion; the only alternative seems to lie in the schools. No body of men and women deserve better of their country than the elementary school teachers of England, and in no hands could a delicate matter of this sort be safer left than in those of the Headmasters and Head-mistresses. I believe if this were done there would be thousands of boys relieved at an early age from a permanently unhealthy preoccupation of mind, and many from the more serious danger of self-abuse.

(2) The second remedy would be to provide a living wage for married people, possibly through the means of graduated marriage and children allowances. This will no doubt be dismissed as impossible, undesirable or impracticable, so I will not waste more space on it.

Wanted Authority

(3) There might be in all denominations and Churches unity of pronouncement by, and reassertion of the authority of, their leaders or hierarchy. One will be told that this, too, is impossible. But it would not be unwelcome or unrespected by the street-corner group, which respects and understands the discipline and obedience of the Roman Church. Democracy has made

us all too timid; and yet we live in an age of authoritative specialists and dictators. Most men have their medical pope (doctor), their political pope (newspaper or trades union leader), scientific pope (Darwin for the working man, Jeans or Eddington for the "educated"). Why should a man's moral pope always be himself? Why should religious leaders be afraid to claim an authority which alone does *not* rest solely on their personal abilities?

(4) Coming to more intimate matters, there must be for the religious leader the acceptance both in doctrine and in practice of the highest standard of purity for himself. This in itself is difficult enough, and one may remember further, for what it is worth, von Hugel's remark that when he was a young man, tempted to fall into sin, only a celibate priest could and did help him.

(5) Lastly, dealing with what I daresay would be common to all religious workers—the one appeal that has weight with all classes is the appeal to facts. A young street-corner lounger troubled with sexual difficulties may not be helped first of all by being urged to accept the full faith and practice of the Catholic Church; nor will he be helped (this is important, because it is a frequent source of error) by reliance on his own divided, and so weakened, will. But he may be brought to try any means of help which is direct, simple and has been found useful as an actual practical dodge which works; this postulates a desire for help, and what such a person wants is not something which is the official and Catholic remedy because it is that; he wants what will bring results. The sort of method I have in mind is the use of ejaculatory prayer, of calling on the name of God or of Jesus in moments of stress—a method which is both Catholic, direct and easily understandable.

In a word what is wanted is a simple "surrender." By such means the individual may be brought to a changed life almost before a changed faith or conscious attitude—"he that doeth the will shall know the doctrine"—for it is only through individuals, taken one by one, that real progress can be made.

"THE FLOWER" OF SHERRY

IN dealing a fortnight ago with the Report of the Imperial Economic Committee on Wine, I referred briefly to the mysterious second fermentation of Jerez wines which gives the dry Sherries that are so popular nowadays their peculiar flavour.

After the normal fermentation, the Jerez wines are particularly subject to a further microbial disturbance. Most wines, if left on ullage, become covered with a film of noxious ferments known as the *mycoderma aceti*, because they convert the wine into vinegar. It is rare that these ferments attack Jerez wines. For some reason they have a tendency to form films of a similar but less noxious ferment, the *mycoderma vini*, called "the flower," which plays Tweedledum to the Tweedledee of the *mycoderma aceti*. The two ferments are deadly enemies.

The *mycoderma vini* is not regarded as a friend by wine-growers in most regions. It converts

alcohol into carbonic acid gas and water, making the wine weaker and flat. For some reason "the flower" does not produce this effect on Sherry. What it does is to deprive the wine of which it forms of any oxygen at all. It is so greedy for oxygen—the wine craves for it also—that a relatively small patch on the surface of a cask will prevent the wine from absorbing any oxygen at all.

The Sherry shippers encourage the formation of "the flower" by leaving the bungs out of imperfectly filled casks. To all appearances they expose their wines most carelessly to the atmosphere. In point of fact those wines obtain far less oxygen than those kept in bunged and filled casks; for "the flower" absorbs it all before it can reach them. Under protection of the *mycoderma vini* a special process goes on, still unexplained, which gives to Fino, Amontillado, and so on, their unique taste.

H. W. A.

THEATRE By Gilbert Wakefield.

To-morrow Will be Friday. By Phillip Leaver. Haymarket.

The Way to the Stars. By Phillip Leaver. Wyndham's.

THREE is evidently some quality in Mr. Leaver's plays (at least, so long as they are still on paper) which appeals almost irresistibly to the managerial mind. Two of this hitherto unknown author's plays are now running concurrently in West End theatres; and the critic, therefore, must consider Mr. Leaver's work with rather more care than either of his comedies seems of itself to warrant.

Both plays are alike in this, at any rate: they decline to begin until the second act. Acts One, both at Wyndham's and the Haymarket, are composed almost entirely of conversation. Now, conversation is an entirely different thing from dialogue. Dialogue is progressive; dialogue is relevant to the play's story; dialogue, in most plays anyway, is the story, or at any rate, the author's medium for expressing his story. Conversation, on the other hand, is static, irrelevant, outside the story, and can be justified only when either it is so exceptionally witty or interesting as to be worth any number of ingenious plots; or as a means of beginning the play without wasting any material time on an audience, part of which has not yet arrived, part is in course of arriving, and the remaining part, if not engaged in purchasing a belated programme or a box of chocolates, is prevented from taking an intelligent interest in what is happening on the stage by the distractions which are happening simultaneously in the auditorium. There is also something which appears to be mere conversation, but is actually a subtle form of dialogue, when the author is engaged in gracefully acquainting his audience with the morals, temperaments, intelligences, professions (if any, which is improbable), and financial statuses of his more important characters.

Cackle

In Mr. Leaver's case the conversations are presumably intended to perform the dual purposes of passing the time while the audience settles down, and of introducing to us his *personæ dramatis*. At any rate, they begin with the raising of the curtain on Act One. But why do they continue? Within a very few minutes we are fully aware that (at the Haymarket) Charlotte, Lady Immingham, is financially so embarrassed that she must sell her country mansion, and (at Wyndham's) that Mr. Cartweel's wife is infatuated with that young philanderer and rather dull dog, Mr. Peter Destinn. Why, in each case, is Mr. Leaver so reluctant to cut the cackle and begin his story?

A possible explanation is that in neither case has he sufficient story for more than one brief act. At Wyndham's, for example, his story has no more in it than Mrs. Cartweel's bolting with her lover, her speedy disillusion (during the second interval), and her even speedier third-act recon-

ciliation with the husband who, despite all appearances to the contrary, has loved her all the time.

At the Haymarket things are certainly more eventful; indeed, an economical-minded playwright would have cut at least three full-length plays out of the material. There is the story of the girl who was insulted when she discovered that the proposals which her handsome and poetical admirer (a Raffles disguised as an Australian house-hunter) was making to her were not strictly honourable. There is the story of the crook who burgled his aunt Charlotte and then blackmailed that unhappy lady into silence. And there is the astonishing history of the chatelaine who began her life on the sawdust of a Marseilles circus and ended it as Lady Immingham. Squandermanically, Mr. Leaver has woven these three plots into a single play; nay, into a single act of a play! And because the contemporary convention of the London theatre requires a three-act entertainment lasting from 8.45 until 10.30 (for they stint us sadly these days), a copious helping of conversational *hors d'œuvre* is provided as the first course, with a generous display of conversational sweetmeats to complete the unsubstantial meal.

Good Acting: Bad Casting

But I fancy there is rather more in it than merely that. I fancy, indeed, that Mr. Leaver thoroughly enjoys himself when penning those long passages of epigram and badinage. And I am driven to hypothesize that the managers of Wyndham's and the Haymarket found them as amusing as I personally found them tedious. Perhaps they "read" much better than they sound. Perhaps . . . Both plays seemed to me to have been inexcusably mis-cast; inexcusably, because Mr. Leaver has taken the trouble to describe his characters in the plainest possible terms. Mr. Leslie Banks is no more suited to the role of an "exotic" composer of high-brow music than is Miss Marie Tempest to that of a retired French circus performer. Both artists seemed to recognise the fact and wisely contented themselves with playing Leslie Banks and Marie Tempest with all their unquestionable skill and charm. Indeed, Mr. Banks, with Mr. Francis Lister ably seconding his efforts, gave as fine a piece of dramatic acting as the London theatre has provided for some time. So, too, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies made no attempt to be the terrifying ogress of the text and merely anticipated her sexagenarian self. Mr. Leon Quartermaine was certainly the very man to deal with the purple passage of poetic love-making, which is one of the oddest, and yet most effective, incidents of "To-morrow Will Be Friday"; but when it comes to burglary and blackmail, and the surprising revelations of a circus origin, one is driven to doubting whether this was quite the type of actor Mr. Leaver had in mind for the part. Indeed, to put the two plays in a single nutshell, one leaves both Wyndham's and the Haymarket wondering whether it is altogether fair to Mr. Leaver to pass judgment on his work.

NEW NOVELS

Greenbanks. By Dorothy Whipple. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The Cat who Saw God. By Anna Gordon Keown. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

The Lady of the Manor. By Archibald Marshall. Collins. 7s. 6d.

White Pagan. By Clive Dalton. Grayson. 7s. 6d.

The Hanging Captain. By Henry Wade. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Missing From His Home. By Clifford Hosken. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

EVERY one of you has probably gone through the anguish of having to recommend novels to your friends, your acquaintances and your relations with the little inward fear that, the recommendations proffered and accepted, it was no more suitable to suggest that particular book to that particular person than to send your aged and squeamish Aunt to an Epstein exhibition. And yet every now and then there comes a book that you can safely recommend to everybody and everyone; and such a book is "Greenbanks." It is just the sort of book that everybody will enjoy.

It has no pretensions to cleverness, it has no hidden moral, its style is adequate but not at all flamboyant; it is a simple, charming story, told with a cool assurance and a freshness that has, lamentably, been out of fashion over long.

Family life is bound to have its ups and downs but there are mighty few of us who would, when it came to the point, be willing to do without it. "Greenbanks" is the setting of a very large family and yet Mrs. Whipple's power of portraiture is so amazingly good that we soon recognise each of them as individuals and we grieve when Charles dies, we rejoice with Letty when she finds happiness, and the hopes and fears of all of them seem very real to us.

What the Cat Said

"The Cat Who Saw God" is not, on the other hand, a book that I should care to recommend to everyone. There are quite a number of people who would be really upset if their cat suddenly vouchered an opinion about the weather. ("Inclement, that's what I call it," said the cat.) They would be even more upset if they discovered that the cat was inhabited by a gentleman of doubtful character (Miss Eliza sat and looked at him). Then she said suddenly, "So you are Nero." The cat replied with a simple "Yes.") and surprised and incredulous if they elicited that he had been sojourning in hell, was on his way to Heaven, and in order to get there was assiduously cultivating the Virtues. But there is a wealth of fun in the cultivating (the conference of Bishops at Bambeth is sheer nonsense of course—but we can laugh at it with unseemly hilarity) and if you can forgive Miss Keown for writing about a cat and a Roman Emperor and delightfully, inconsequential Irish people and if you are not too old to believe that it could have happened (and I have already said that it was all nonsense) you will read it with the enjoyment in

which Miss Keown evidently indulged when she wrote it.

"The Lady of the Manor" brought me back to earth with a jerk. There are three beautiful girls and their father dies and they subsequently discover that they are heiresses. The eldest, the Lady of the Manor, proceeds to find her feet and, not recognising that the brave silent man whom she meets every day is the object of her love (and he of course loves her to distraction—but dare not speak of his love on account of his age) proceeds to fall in love with a "bounder." But all is not lost—she realises just in time the bad mistake she has made and rushes back to share the hearth and home of the elderly admirer. That perhaps, as a summary, is a little unkind. There is a good thing in "The Lady of the Manor"—the artless character of Miss Firmity. She, bless her heart, went round the village making trouble. She spread scandal, jealousy and discontent wherever she went. There are a great many Firmitys around us and Mr. Marshall has drawn her admirably. The descriptions of the hunting field (and a great deal of the book is supposed to deal with horse and field) leave much to be desired.

Love and Laziness

It is difficult to take "White Pagan" as I think the author meant it to be taken—seriously; but if you are after love and romance in the setting of the blue lagoons and the lazy life of Malaya, this is certainly the book for which you are looking. Richard Lancaster Todd goes native—but native in the most romantic fashion. His father, a drunkard and ne'er-do-well, dies and his boy, rather than return to an England which he can dimly remember as being rather unpleasant, moves his quarters into the *kampong* of the Malays. He is soon accepted as one of themselves and the small white boy has in his heart's desire—he becomes a native. The empty headed little English girl arrives and the boy, now a young man, who once bitterly wished to be Malay, now as passionately desires to be "white." His torment as to whether to follow the girl he loves back to England or to stay in the Malaya he loves is the crux of the matter.

Mr. Wade needs no introducing. He has, he does and we hope he will always write detective stories for us. In "The Hanging Captain" he once more holds our attention till the very end. Did so-and-so do it? Or was it Griselda? Or Sir Carle Venning, after all? And so it goes on. And there are no unfair herrings dragged across the path. Captain Sterron is found hanging in his study and quite a number of the inmates of his house appear to know something about it, but I do not imagine that many of you will guess how he came to be there—not, that is, until you come to the last chapter.

"Missing from his Home" is, on the other hand, in a class by itself. No murder, no detectives, just the disturbing little fact of a man missing from his home. Did he go willingly and is it all a lot of fuss about nothing? Has he been murdered or is he in hiding on account of some inexplicable whim of his own? And then the extraordinary denouement in the last pages which Mr. Hosken cleverly springs upon us when we are least expecting it.

A.A.

R REVIEWS

A BEDROCK STORY

Our Daily Pay. By Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy. The Search Publishing Co. 3s. 6d. net.

ALL men, to our common misfortune, know the great crisis. All would like to be told the way to escape from it. Many have been the mentors who undertake to point it out, so far without conspicuous success. Latest among them now steps forward Commander Kenworthy.

To his numerous well-known talents and the possession of wealth Commander Kenworthy, one of the *enfants terribles* of Parliament during twelve years, adds another advantage : that of a pen always lively, often severe, and on occasion vitriolic. In *Our Daily Pay* he has a subject very suitable for its exercise and entirely to his liking. The ironical sub-title of this slim, forcible book, "The Economics of Plenty," provides his text : the world has been spinning in the gay belief that prosperity, as known for the past thirty or forty years, would be eternal, and the world is much perturbed to find itself brought up with a jump and proved wrong. Lean years were not unknown in the past as an uncomfortable interlude to fat years, but this has been so generally forgotten that our present plight strikes us as something positively wicked. Commander Kenworthy, for all his vaunted independence from the prejudices with which we moderns are cumbered, is still so much under their influence that he, too, suffers from this bias.

Reflation

Over-production or under-consumption? The two words sum up, in Commander Kenworthy's mind, the only alternatives for claimant to be the main cause of the world's economic depression. He plumps boldly for the latter and pours forth the vials of his scorn on advocates of the former. He does not sufficiently consider the question whether the two phrases may not be an expression of the same thing and the remedy, if remedy there be, to be sought by regarding them so. Under-consumption is his cause, and from this springs his thesis, which is simple enough. If people consumed more, they would keep farmers and manufacturers busy producing at the maximum rate, and prosperity would return. They do not consume enough because they have not the money to pay for the articles they might, and would like to, consume. Therefore, the remedy is to give them more money. Deflation, coupled as a concomitant cause with hoarding, is the enemy. Extension of currency and credit, by a system of neo-inflation that Commander Kenworthy calls "reflation," is his remedy, and he proposes "the issue of a National Dividend in instalments to such an extent as to stimulate consumption," as an immediate means whereby to put it into practice.

With much of Commander Kenworthy's criticism of current economic habits as well as of recent tendencies and legislation it is impossible to disagree. He is justly severe on the injury done to our Indian and to all Eastern trade by the de-

monetisation of silver, on the modern adulation of gold, on the unwillingness of banks to lend to industrial concerns for development or to retrieve an awkward position. But, although he declares "Blind dissent (from his scheme) to be useless," it is easier than he imagines not to agree with much in his observations and with most of his conclusions.

What Is Money?

The fact is that Commander Kenworthy must be suspected of having fallen into the vulgar error of supposing money to be a real thing, having value in itself, instead of, as it is, a mere token of work supplied or services rendered that can be exchanged for other work or services. When return is made to this elementary but fundamental truth, the absurdity of much that is written and talked about the present crisis is obvious. Money being a mere token, the multiplication of it without the creation of further work and services can only have the effect of more tokens being required for any particular work or service. This is the process known as debasement of the currency : money becomes cheaper, everything else becomes dearer. It can for a short time advantage speculators (including States and Princes who have indulged in the practice at various epochs in history) because there is a moment before prices rise when a profit can be snatched ; but it cannot help legitimate trade.

And What Credit?

In the domain of credit, which, as the name implies, is the allowance of money without any actual presence of it or of the corresponding work or service, the same process is known as inflation. To enlarge credit without a genuine prospect of further work or services, that is, to allow people without money to have the use of it, sounds a charming way of increasing prosperity ; if the fact that money (and therefore credit) is nothing but a token be kept in mind, this charming way is seen to lead to ruin. Commander Kenworthy is very hard on the deflationist ; justly so, since artificial deflation, that is, the restriction of credit based on real work and services, can hardly avoid bringing about evil. He sees this, but avoids the logical inference that artificial inflation must bring about no less. All because he does not stop to reflect what money is.

One Potent Cause

Had Commander Kenworthy dug down in his thought to this bedrock, he would have been driven to the conclusion that one, at least, potent cause of to-day's depression, has been a concealed system of inflation. Economic policy in the United States after the war was to boost production from its artificially stimulated maximum in war-time to a still higher peace level. Goods were sold to the American public on credit through the hire-purchase system, and abroad on credit through the working of loans granted by the American banks to banks and municipal or industrial corporations in the purchaser countries. The whole process was, with slight differences, a yet greater Kreuger swindle, except that Kreuger swindled the people who gave him money, whereas in the American case the people who gave the money swindled

themselves. For, against the goods produced on this magnificent scale, there was no real money to be set at all; that is to say, no work was being done or services supplied to pay for them. Everything was being done on credit, in other words, by a system of currency inflation. The building was a mere house of cards and, when it grew top heavy, fell.

No Nostrums, Please

It is impossible here to do more than indicate the fallacy of Commander Kenworthy's plausible book. But it should be added that all plans to find grand remedies for our ill are to be deprecated, for their failure one after another is bound to produce a regrettable sense of pessimism. The plain fact is that, as the French say, we have eaten our white rolls and must make up our minds to munch our black bread. Attempts to cure us by the administration of "a hair of the dog" can only lead to still less clearness of eye and steadiness of leg.

J. P.

WITH HIDE AND CAMERA

Bird Haunts in Wild Britain. By R. N. Winnall and G. K. Yeates. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d. net.

SINCE books about birds never earn money, pure enthusiasm must be the spur which during the last ten years has almost doubled the literature of this subject. The watcher of birds longs to pass on his solid pleasures to others; if he can write, he gratifies the wish, and when he is unable to write, he often gratifies it just the same.

The latest enthusiasts to become authors, Mr. Winnall and Mr. Yeates, are Oxford undergraduates who have found their recreation early and bring to it capabilities which may one day elevate them, if they are not careful, into High Authorities. Yet it is unlikely they will end up poring over census returns and classification lists, for they belong not to the new "scientific" school, to whom ringing, trapping and counting heads is an onerous duty, but to that more amiable (and readable) sect which studies the ways of birds for delight and out of strong affection.

Mr. Winnall and Mr. Yeates have been giving each other a leg up into tree-tops and seeking along cliffs and the margin of lakes and streams from Sussex to the tip of Scotland, a complete territory enabling them to chronicle the everyday birds and the rarest. Their wanderings have supplied a series of finished photographs—and since bird photographers are beginning to be criticised as a pest to their sitters, be it said that none in this book was achieved at the expense of eggs or young.

A Testing Pastime

A successful group of portraits implies an arduous and testing pastime with even a sort of nobility about it when compared with the hobby of the collector, who frequently is not man enough to do the nest-breaking himself, but pays an agent promptly to be disowned if there is trouble. But to work for a fortnight building a hide among the

swaying twigs of a rookery, and to spend long ill-balanced periods aloft as a lay-brother in the community—that seems an enterprise worth tackling. And it has large rewards. Mr. Winnall—or is it Mr. Yeates?—declares for a rookery as the world's best entertainment: the matrimonial upsets and reconciliations, the sudden scenes at the breakfast table, the rascally ventures against neighbours' property and the free fights all round the ring set an observer so shaking with laughter as to double the risk of tumbling down.

A cramped spell of five hours must feel a long time even when a red throated diver is the pictorial prize, and if your hostess stays beyond range and has a sound sleep, vigil becomes desperate. But frequently there is distraction, as when the authors were after redshank.

This marshland bird usually nests in a tussock of grass, gathering the bents inwards to form a cosy little wigwam; so that to secure a good camera study half of the screen had to be cut away. The returning bird, seeing much of her cover gone, was deeply disturbed. She hunted round the nest for the missing material, then settled on the eggs and tried to pull up the bedclothes by plucking at the short fringe of grass which remained.

"Eventually she found one long stem of dried grass with which she tried to cover herself. It was very amusing. She tried it in every possible position, leaning on her back, propped up against her head, but no position would give her confidence. . . Soon she espied a loose marsh marigold leaf. This she seized and planted on her back. This simple expedient seemed to satisfy her and she settled down with renewed vigour to her job."

There are chapters on woodland, downland, shore and river-hunting birds, some rather sketchy, for over-much has been attempted. The collaborators are happiest when writing of the Scottish cliffs and moors. Mr. Yeates is a little vindictive against gulls—tho' it is most true that our scarce hawks and ravens are too often blamed for their villainies—and when he expresses willingness that the decorative black headed gull should utterly disappear because it has a harsh voice and poor manners, prejudice is whirling him away. The fulmar, by-the-by, has reached farther south than Mr. Winnall thinks, for it nested last spring in South Wales.

Few who care for birds will agree with the semi-defence of egg collecting inserted into the book. In most other countries this furtive hobby has been shamed and ridiculed out of existence and school children have been taught that there is a more interesting approach to birds than that of the sneak-thief. The authors' plea for the considerate collector is specious; as Lord Grey of Falloden recently pointed out, collecting and moderation do not go together. This season there are the customary stories of greed—clutches of choughs' eggs taken in Pembrokeshire, many peregrines' eyries robbed round the coast and so forth. There is not a fact left to learn about egg variations, and it is time the law followed common opinion in putting the collector beyond the pale.

AN ADMIRAL'S JUSTIFICATION

The Concise Story of the Dover Patrol. By Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, K.C.B. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

ADMIRAL BACON'S book is written with a dual purpose. The first is to give the history of the Dover Patrol during the years it was under his command, the second to justify his actions in the light of the criticisms which have been levelled against him.

Divorced from the petty jealousies and interferences as between Admiralty and Admiral, we can read in these pages an account of the everyday duties of the Navy during wartime. Few have realised the extent of the work which the Navy did, the almost continuous patrol work which kept the seas comparatively safe for the nation's vital lines of communication. Fewer still have understood the magnitude of the work which fell to the Dover Patrol, that rag-time Navy of obsolete and unarmed boats, drifters, yachts and, in fact, anything even remotely resembling a ship which was capable of going to sea at all. The whole show was based on bluff, necessitated by the presence of a superior German force based on Zeebrugge and Ostend; and the fact that the enemy never made any serious attempts to raid the Channel shipping, demonstrates the effectiveness of Admiral Bacon's policy of displaying the greater part of his force, such as it was, off the Belgian Coast.

The Admiral has replied to the criticisms of his administration by criticising in his turn, the acts of his successor. In estimating the value of his opinions, it is well to remember that Admiral Bacon had the advantage of considerable experience of the work of the patrol and that to him also belongs the credit of the idea of the Zeebrugge raid. The details were considerably altered by Admiral Keyes and, according to Admiral Bacon, the huge loss of life and the failure to achieve any useful result, were directly due to insufficient care being taken in planning the attempt.

We know now that, materially, Zeebrugge was a complete failure. We know too that it took several minutes for the *Vindictive* to get alongside the Mole, valuable minutes which betrayed the secret to the German destroyers lying inside the mole and gave them time to bring their guns into action and spray the decks of the *Vindictive* before ever a landing party could disembark. Also no provision whatsoever was made to counteract the fourteen foot drop from the sea wall onto the Mole itself and the whole affair developed into a Naval Balaclava. On the face of it, there does appear to have been a lamentable lack of foresight.

Admiral Keyes was, of course, Lord Beatty's protégé and with Jellicoe's influence on the wane, it was obvious that a successor would be appointed to take over Admiral Bacon's command. And lack of experience in the local conditions of the Dover Patrol was to cost the Navy dearly in personnel and material. Still, it is all over now, and recriminations are of no use.

The real yardstick, I feel, is the measure of Lord Jellicoe's approval of Admiral Bacon's policy. And when we find him taking the Admiral's part in opposition to the interference engendered in the Admiralty and leaving him free to carry out his duties in his own way, we feel that this volume is justified on Admiral Bacon's part in answering the criticisms made against him, for Lord Jellicoe is one of the few really great men whom the war produced.

The present book is a recapitulation, in a handier size, of Admiral Bacon's previous book on the Dover Patrol, which was published in 1919. The reduction in size and price should serve to bring it within the reach of many who will be interested to read this chapter of modern Naval history.

P.K.K.

SQUARES AND CIRCLES

Early Astronomy and Cosmology. By C. P. S. Menon. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

WITHIN the memory of living man, the Moors of the interior of Morocco made their first acquaintance with wheeled vehicles. Water-wheels they knew, but they had no conception of the wheel in connection with transport and its introduction produced a far greater sensation than later the first appearance of such scientific inventions as aeroplanes and motor cars. The wheel appears to those who have roads as something fundamental. Similarly to civilised man the conception of the world, the sky and the universe as in some sense circular seems inevitable.

Yet if Mr. Menon's striking new theory is right, the earliest conception of the world and universe was rectilinear; the square was its basis not the circle. He has boldly tried to fathom the secrets which lie hidden behind the Zodiacs and takes his start from the Indian astrologer who to this day represents the positions of the heavenly bodies by a square diagram drawn on the ground. Then the astrologer divides each side of the square into four, joins all the points of division by lines parallel with the sides and after rubbing out four squares in the centre is left with twelve squares round the border of the original square, which he calls "houses" corresponding with the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Taking this as a foundation of a mathematical system which by a curious chance approximated to certain astronomical periods, Mr. Menon is able to explain a number of problems—among them the sexagesimal system of the Babylonians—which have baffled enquiry. Professor Filon lends the authority of a Foreword to Mr. Menon's theories. They conclude that certain numbers perpetually recurring in all the ancient systems are not the result of astronomical observation as has always been held. They are the result of a mathematical necessity and were used to build up a geometrical framework into which the astronomical phenomena were fitted.

CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY

Murders and Murder Trials, 1812—1912. By H. M. Walbrook. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

IT needs a practised hand to dish up in one volume twenty-nine notorious capital crimes ranging over a whole century and yet not to leave the reader with a sense of sickening disgust as on coming out from some monotonous chamber of horrors. This practised hand Mr. H. M. Walbrook has; he is most heartily to be congratulated on the tact, moderation, and high-minded purpose that redeems such a relation from being a mere gruesome spectacle for depraved minds, and extracts from it a thrilling exposition of criminal psychology and of the methods of justice in the defence of society. Mr. Walbrook's own admirably expressed views which form a running comment on the cases selected and turn them, in some sort, from isolated events in a valuable history of murder, are almost uniformly judicious.

In discussing the conviction of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell in 1840 Mr. Walbrook is led by a perhaps excessive desire to condemn Charles Phillips' advocacy of the prisoner into neglecting to point out that this case definitely laid down the important rule that counsel is bound to do his utmost to defend a prisoner even if he is forced to believe him guilty. This question was referred to lately in the weekly *Argument* in the *Saturday Review* and in a subsequent letter signed by "An Ancient Lawyer," quoting Dr. Johnson's well-known remark. If Dr. Johnson settled the matter, as he settled so many, on the grounds of common sense, it was the Courvoisier case that settled it as a rule of legal practice.

This is the only criticism we have to make of Mr. Walbrook and it is a small enough one regarding over three hundred and fifty pages packed with solid interest.

THRILLS IN PLENTY

The Sound Machine. By Edmund Snell. Skeffington. 7s. 6d. net.

WHETHER or no physicists support the popular belief that a certain musical note, insisted on, will produce vibrations capable of breaking wine glasses, we do not know nor, for the purpose in hand, greatly care. Mr. Edmund Snell has taken the idea and, going one further, imagines the invention of a machine capable of destroying by similar means buildings, be they made of steel and concrete, and even human bodies.

Professor Gerardo, the inventor, may not have been mad before, but he came very near madness on his claims being flouted by capitalists such as Peter Enright, who controlled a huge electrical company with headquarters at Power House, Kingsway, and the tale of his revenge and the results of it to him as well as other people gives Mr. Snell plentiful material for thrills. Nervous minded readers are hereby recommended not to start the book after dinner, lest strange noises in the dead waste and middle of the night should tear them from bed to search the house, in fear that one of Professor Gerardo's sound machines hidden in the basement by an unsuspected enemy may be about to bring it crashing in ruin about their ears.

AN EXCITING TRIP

Sea Tangle. By George Blake. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

MR. BLAKE sails away up to the Hebrides this time, and a very entrancing and exciting voyage he makes of it. You should travel with him and with the three holiday-makers who set out aboard a motor-yacht, and before you have gone far you will thank Mr. Blake for Macbeth, a one-time Rugby international who yearns for fights (and gets them) and more especially for Geordie Curran, who is chief engineer, deckhand, cook, and general handyman, and who (greater be the thanks) breaks the tradition of the customary Scottish engineer and displays an entertaining interest in food, kittens and novelettes.

There are gallant deeds and wild adventures, as indeed there are bound to be when Mr. Blake begins to unfold (possibly a little too slowly) a great whisky-running plot based on the islands which he evidently knows so well and which he describes so graphically.

The villains (a rather juicy mixture of Americans, Germans and Italians) are foiled with the requisite completeness, and an interesting hero clasps an extremely attractive heroine in dramatic and most unusual circumstances on the otherwise deserted island of St. Kilda.

A thoroughly good yarn, engrossingly told, and with a plentiful sprinkling of examples of Mr. Blake's gift for description.

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THE PAMPHLETEER ABROAD

Through the Kara Sea. By Leonard Matters. Skeffington. 18s.

I DO not know "The Mystery of Jack the Ripper," advertised as Mr. Leonard Matters' other work. But if it is as half so unsatisfactory as "Through the Kara Sea," Mr. Matters must be an unlucky student of men and things. An Australian by birth, as he tells us, and a rolling journalist in various part of the world, Mr. Matters was for a space member of Parliament for Lambeth, which rejected him at the last General Election. He is a person of adventurous turn of mind, much physical endurance, a lively pen, and no small dose of "nahalstvo," the meaning of which he should know after a few months spent with the "továřishchi" (Mr. Matters may note that this is the correct spelling and accent).

"Through the Kara Sea" might be an agreeable book, conveying, as it does, information about a part of Siberia little known as yet, and a number of readable anecdotes. But Mr. Matters has what he himself calls "the Bolshevik urge": had it, indeed, quite plainly before he started out in the tramp steamer from Hamburg to Igarka, the lumber port at the mouth of the Yenisei. It would seem that he knows as little as it is possible for a man to know of Russia or anything that happened there in the past or is happening there in the present. He knows, for instance, nothing of the rapid development that was taking place in Siberia before the war, or of the fact that Siberians were head and shoulders above other Russians for energy and practical handling of things.

He describes the life of the Soviet political deportees at Igarka and asks us to admire the absence of horror in it, all unwitting that he is describing, though in more drab dress, the life of most political exiles in Siberia under the Imperial régime. The real penal settlements under both the modern and the ancient dispensation form quite another subject. Mr. Matters asks us to rejoice at the absence of handcuffs for the exiles, without reflecting that irons are unnecessary in places whence it is impossible to make unauthorised exit and not die of cold and hunger.

In fact Mr. Matters has an itch for drawing, and for giving when drawn, political lessons from all he has seen, and even all he has not—that is, the trifling matter of Siberia outside Igarka and of all European Russia: those taken from what he has seen are stultified by his ignorance of similar aspects of Russian life before, while as to those touching his even more completely unknown quantities, the city and peasant life under the Imperial and the Soviet régime in Russia proper, apart from total ignorance as to the latter, such would-be lessons are rendered frivolous by Mr. Matters' apparent assumption that some sort of comparison could exist between a Siberian lumber town and Kiev, Harkov, Moscow and Petrograd. Before attempting to lecture us, he should at least have taken the trouble to learn that pre-war Siberian life was about as different from that of European Russian towns as the Canadian North-West is from Clapham.

Mr. Matters waxes indignant over the suggestion that intelligent travellers (like himself) are at a disadvantage through ignorance of the Russian language. It may not be fair to judge him wholly by one of the few remarks in his book capable of a definite test; but he must not be surprised at being told that his statement "The North Sea Route Co-operative Development Concession was abbreviated to 'Komseveroput'" is mildly erroneous. The word 'Komseveroput' means 'Communist Northern Route' and can mean nothing else. If Mr. Matters can mix up two separate titles, may he not possibly have been equally hazy about other things?

Great simplicity further seems required to explain Mr. Matters assumption that opponents of the Soviets are so solely owing to the latter's tyranny and cruelty. These, pushed to the degree witnessed under Bolshevik rule in Russia, are indubitably grave counts; but the main reason why patriotic Britons should take a rigid stand in the matter is that the Soviets are our declared enemy, and are determined to destroy our whole civilisation.

HAPPINESS OR COMFORT?

The Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos. By G. D. H. Cole. Victor Gollancz. 5s. net.

A VADE MECUM to the general economic crisis, designed by a competent writer for the use of the man in the street, was an excellent idea. Mr. G. D. H. Cole is such a writer. He is clear, industrious, normal. It is not to Mr. Cole that we shall turn for a breakaway from the now almost orthodox tendency in favour of "systematic economic planning," or for the view, nevertheless very arguable, that the Hoover moratorium precipitated, instead of preventing, a crisis in Germany. His book almost begins with a "howler," astonishing in a man of his attainments, for on p. 22 Mr. Cole starts his setting forth of "Some Fundamental Principles" with the statement: "The economic activities of mankind have only one object—the promotion of human happiness."

Happiness has nothing to do with economic activity: an early Christian Saint on a pillar in the desert, or an Indian holy man on a board of nails are instances of the possibility of perfect happiness without any economic activities at all. What Mr. Cole means is that their object is the promotion of human comfort, a very different thing; and even here he is wrong, for that is not the sole object but the second of two, the preceding object being to assure human life. Such criticism may seem carping; but if accurate thought may not be demanded of an economist, where shall we seek it, and what other test shall we apply to him?

Despite such shortcomings, Mr. Cole's "Guide" will provide, as one puff printed on its jacket points out, much valuable information for "the average Parliamentary candidate and elector": its quality is thus vouched for, while for quantity another puff delicately draws attention to the fact that 672 pp. and 250,000 words of any sort are cheap at five bob.

CANDID REVELATIONS

With Northcliffe in Fleet Street. By J. A. Hammerton. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

ONE warning about this book: it is in danger of being unfavourably prejudiced by its jacket, which, to say the least, is unattractive. "The Chief," as Northcliffe was known to the vast army of his staff, would have recoiled if he had seen it on a bookstall. He would never have bought the book, and he would thereby have missed one of the most revealing stories of his own life that has been or probably ever will be written.

Sir J. A. Hammerton is qualified as few men could be to tell of the strange and dominating figure of Northcliffe. He was one of "The Chief's" confidants, and more than twenty years ago he was invited by Northcliffe to begin a proper record of his career. That Sir J. A. Hammerton has resisted for so long the temptation to write his book is a matter for gratitude, for there is much in it that might conceivably have been left out had the date of publication been before the August of 1922, when death ended the tragic illness (involving "painful exhibition of mental disorder") of one who wielded as much power as any other man of his time.

Astonishing Frankness

Much of the book is concerned with intimate revelation of how Northcliffe built up his vast business, and the story is intensely interesting as much to the wider world as to the narrow circles of Fleet Street, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the most parochial spots on earth. But the real "body" of the author's work lies in his revelations of "The Man I Knew," and these are given with a startling cleverness and with a frankness that is sometimes astonishing. On one page you are given a picture of the idol; on another there is a merciless "close-up" of the feet of clay.

A key paragraph reads: "If we recognise in Northcliffe a man of genius, we have perhaps admitted all. All things are possible to men of genius. We need not be surprised at anything they do or cannot do. They make their own laws. In the most ordinary affairs of life they may take rank with the half-wits. In matters of honour their actions often compare badly with those of commoner clay." That gives some idea of the candour of the book, and, if more is needed, it is supplied by the comparison of Northcliffe with Raymond Hitchcock, who once said: "Well, I can't act, I can't sing, and I can't dance, but I just go on and somehow put it across them."

His Star

Still, Northcliffe "had vision in a time of confusion, he was daring where others were timid, he could make up his mind while others were debating. Above all, in practical journalism he was a man inspired. And, like Napoleon, he believed in his star."

We are told that most of Northcliffe's concepts were grandiose rather than grand, that no man ever

strode more earnestly after great things or was more determined that they should be achieved—but that no man was more wondrously favoured by times and events. There are stories of men who broke under, even if they were not broken by, the strain of the Harmsworth system, and the comment on them is as follows:

" . . . it is not easy to escape the feeling that a certain indifference to the fate of men whom he had once praised, even flattered, was shown by him on many occasions when, quite possibly as a result of his previous praise, they had too confidently assumed they were continuing to please while in his judgment or in his mood of the moment, he considered they were showing a decrease of ability. A nature more truly sympathetic, less ready, perhaps, to praise where to praise was dangerous, and a little more tolerant when some deficiency merited reprimand, would have preserved at a reasonable level of satisfaction and self-respect the mind of an employee who, thrown rudely between flattery and abuse, collapsed in the process with disastrous results. But . . . I doubt if any spectres of these weaker individuals who broke under his criticisms ever haunted his memory."

Few people will be able to read this book without seeing the spectres flitting through the pages.

Dynamic and Mischievous

"With Northcliffe in Fleet Street" is a wholly remarkable volume and it is essential to anyone who would estimate this vital, dynamic, mischievous figure who played such a part in the events of his time.

It makes one think that Northcliffe himself would have changed one word in the very last sentence. The author tells how the "electrical presence" persists, how "all of us who knew him and worked with and for him are still sufficiently under his spell to feel that he might any day push open the door of our room and look in upon us to ask cheerily how we were getting on with our latest job."

Or would Northcliffe say: "Turn that 'latest' into 'last,' Hammerton"? That, at all events, is what one wonders having read of Northcliffe as this book so vividly describes him.

AN ENGAGING INSPECTOR

The By-Pass Murder. By David Frome. Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a capital detective story containing only one of the unnecessary complications that are the ruling vice of recent workers in this vineyard. *The By-Pass Murder*, that is to say, touches a high level. Mr. Frome's detective, Inspector Bull, is an engaging creature who, as his chief says "plods along and then brings off a grand coup as if it had just-happened in the natural course of things," and his little friend, Mr. Pinkerton, in the background, with a womanly instinct for the right trail, is no less agreeable. The problem of spotting the author of three consecutive and perfectly logical murders will keep many a reader awake till the small hours. A book to be confidently recommended.

CITY.—By C. J. HAMILTON

Lombard Street, Thursday

BEFORE the next issue of the *Saturday Review* is published, the anniversary of our departure from the gold standard will have come and gone.

There has been a growing feeling in the City of late that the restoration of the gold standard may come a good deal more quickly than most people had expected. It is quite certain that the step will not be taken this year. All the more so since it now appears that the world Economic Conference cannot possibly be held until 1933, even if it be not abandoned altogether, a fate which very many people would whole-heartedly welcome. But it is not by any means impossible that plans may be laid for a return in the first half of next year. As to the wisdom of such a decision, opinion in the City is keenly divided.

Many people have been hoping, since our departure from gold, and since a number of other countries have followed our example, that the opportunity might be taken to establish a new and improved monetary system. The London Chamber of Commerce recently published a Report on Monetary Policy, in which such a course was strongly advocated. There are many business men and not a few prominent industrialists who share the view that we have been "crucified on a cross of gold," and they do not want the process repeated.

We have to remember, however, that we do not live in an ideal world. In the actual world there will be very strong pressure exerted, both within this country and abroad, for the purpose of bringing about a restoration of the gold standard in Great Britain. Existing gold standard countries will regard the continuance of powerful industrial competitors, having a movable standard that is not bound to their own, as a competitive danger. A variable sterling standard is also a source of uncertainty in the sphere of international investment that no market in forward exchange can overcome. This pressure is sure to be exerted with the object of bringing us back to gold as soon as possible.

Assuming that this pressure will, sooner or later, prove successful, the question when and under what conditions we ought to restore the gold standard becomes of extreme importance. The first condition is that relative prices in the principal gold standard countries must have reached a position of reasonable stability. In his recent Rhodes Lectures, Professor Cassel declared that "it is quite impossible at present to form any idea of what the value of gold will be, even in the near future." If price-raising policies are pursued by different countries in varying ways and varying degrees, Dr. Cassel is certain to prove correct. In the presence of such uncertainty, a return to gold on our part would be profoundly foolish.

The City is naturally and rightly apprehensive of a return which could not be maintained. There is a real dread of having again to pass through the experience of being "forced off gold." Some people hold that we must on no account return until the question of our War Debt liability is settled, believing that, if we have to resume one-sided payments, the strain upon our exchanges would be so great as to endanger a predetermined standard. The danger need not be exaggerated.

Far more important as a condition precedent to a general adoption of an international monetary standard is the creation of an effective control of international capital lending. The world depression has served to bring this question into the foreground as one of the vital considerations affecting international economic and monetary stability. It may be an exaggeration to say that, in the absence of such control, an international standard of value must be unworkable. It is certainly true to say that it must be exposed to excessive dangers.

Perhaps the most vital of all considerations bearing upon our return to gold is that of economic elasticity. It is not always sufficiently understood that, in a world of rapid change, the maintenance of a common standard of value is possible only if other values are rendered capable of rapid adjustment to the standard. We like to say that we were "forced off gold" a year ago. It salves our conscience when we are charged, as we have been charged by some foreign countries, with having been guilty of partial default by allowing the exchange of the pound to depreciate. Inadvertently and entirely without intention we have committed the offence.

But the guilt is far from being ours alone. It is shared by all those, and there are few exceptions, who in the post war years, have been striving after a false economic god. The god is the god of Security. In the name of the "standard of life" we have worshipped security, that is fixity, of money wages, fixity of commodity prices in the name of secure profits, fixity in productive enterprise in the name of secure employment. The worship of this false god has been our undoing.

Clearly we have to face quite frankly this central issue. If we decide to return to gold, or to adhere to any common international standard, we must accept the inevitable consequence. Either we must be prepared to make our wage and commodity price system elastic, or we must face recurrent and often violent economic depressions and disturbance. If we are not prepared to do this, if we are determined to have Plan Economy, devised in the interests of security, we must abandon the notion that an international gold standard is workable.

In contemplating a return to gold it is possible that some people still suppose that it would mean forcing the pound back to its former parity with the dollar. That notion is, of course, quite illusory.

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Next Week's Broadcasting

This is the last week but one of the Promenade Concerts, which will be broadcast each day as usual. By far the most interesting is the Beethoven concert on Friday, September 23rd (National), in which Myra Hess will play the Concerto No. 4 in G. It is a pity that our finest woman pianist should make her appearance so late in the season, but there is compensation in the fact that she will appear three times in the last two weeks.

The Centenary of Sir Walter Scott will be celebrated in a programme from the Scottish Region. These "celebrity" programmes are very rarely successful as they nearly always concentrate far too much on the trivial incidents in the life of the central character instead of presenting his most famous works in the best possible manner. Few people are interested in the fact that Scott at the age of fifteen met Burns in Edinburgh in 1786, but many would rejoice to hear a really splendid rendering of one of his lays. Col. John Buchan's talk on Scott at 9.10 p.m. on September 21st (National), will almost certainly be a far more worthy tribute to his memory.

On September 23rd, at 10 p.m. (National), the Director of Talks will outline the winter talks programme. This will doubtless be "the mixture as before," namely a combination of really first-class lectures with the fatuous lubrications which have made this department the butt of every music hall comedian. Still, as long as the Talks Director will leave us the one or two who have established themselves, we will listen with fortitude to the adenoidal lady who tells us "How to construct a simple blast furnace."

For the rest there will be a "comedy with music" by Lance Sieveking on September 19th, which had better be left alone, and an adaptation of "The Fall of the House of Usher" produced by Peter Creswell (September 22nd, 10.15 p.m. National and September 23rd, 9.20 p.m. Regional), which should at least be stimulating.

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